

# THE WHISPER

Official Year Book  
OF THE



Vol. 1, No. 1

1928-29



*To The Students of the Past  
This Number of The Whisper  
is Dedicated*



# The WHISPER

VOL. I

INDIAN HEAD COLLEGIATE, JUNE, 1929

NO. 1

## EDITORIAL

The first appearance of a collegiate Year Book for a number of years, requires some explanation of the character which it is intended to bear and of the purpose which it is designed to serve. We do not intend that it shall be a technical, learned journal in which will be found the views of experts on themes and in language quite unintelligible to the general reader. This is a magazine for the students and by the students. It gives the budding literary geniuses an opportunity to open their leaves, and is intended to bind the students into a closer fellowship.

Within the last few years, education-  
alists have been stressing the importance of a diversity of school activities, altho you will find many who are not in agreement with this idea. It is quite as important that a student know how to conduct a business meeting in an efficient manner as to be able to give the future perfect of moneo or solve some theoretical geometrical problem. I firmly believe in disciplinary education; the mind needs discipline as well as the body, but is it not foolish for persons to criticize our educational institutions for not holding rigidly to the three R's, when we realize that education in the true sense is the fitting of a student for his life in society?

A collegiate is not a correspondence school, it is not even a mere font of knowledge; but is a place which adjusts and develops a conception of Life; and while part of its purpose is to impart knowledge, a greater part is to develop character. Honorable character and sportsmanship are formed as much on the football field as in the classroom. When a student leaves the collegiate institute, the foundation stones of his personality have been laid and the future structure will be built on that

foundation. Knowing this could we justify our conduct if we stopped instruction, supervision and help at the classroom doors? In order to be of any assistance must we not try to understand those we seek to advise, and to do this we must meet them informally and try to develop in them all characteristics which may help their development in body, mind and soul, and hope that as they pass from this collegiate they go out fitted to be up-right and true men and women.

MR. HARRIS

Principal



## Forward

In introducing this Year Book to the students, and to those who are interested in their activities—we wish to make no apology for its existence.

This, we believe, is the first real Year Book published by the Indian Head Collegiate. It is, we might say, an endeavour to bring into the lime-light an esprit-de-corps, which up to this time has not been much in evidence.

We, the editorial staff, wish to thank those who gave us their co-operation when our representatives solicited their assistance. We endeavoured to give them full value for every advertisement they contributed.

We fully realize that our book is not perfect, but we hope that it will be such a success that it will become the permanent institution that it really should be.

D. MACKAY

Grade XII

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Indian Head

## Our Appreciation of the Staff

We, as students, cannot fully appreciate the work and comradeship of our teachers. Certainly we understand it takes experience and the more mature sympathy, which we do not yet possess, which has thus to be developed, to do this.

Nevertheless we, in our first real Annual, dedicate this small space to those teachers, who are day by day carrying out their duty in regard to our education. Who can say what knowledge, what splendid code of honor, what inspirations our fellowship with them has brought us? In calling them "teachers" we impart new meanings to that old familiar word. Instructors, yes, but instructors in all of life's finest things—in Honor, Friendship and Idealism.

And yet, if they feel reward in this, we will gladly tell them that we have appreciated their interest and, may we say, their love? And that, as we leave school, even as we set aside this space for them, so in our hearts will we set aside a corner for them full of gratitude and the deepest feeling of friendship.

DOROTHY JOHNSON



## Valedictory

My title is misleading since we, as a smaller school, have no established graduation exercises. However, bearing in mind that we, as learned and venerable, nay wordly-wise, students of the Collegiate in Grade Twelve, surely have the right at least to say our farewell and

bestow all manner of advice on those who follow, this one article was set aside for that purpose.

Wisdom has it that those who have had experience must surely be wiser than those who have not. Therefore, it is to be concluded that we, having had four years of chiefly homework, must be able to give advice to unwilling listeners. Whether that experience has rendered us sympathetic or not we only know that advice we have not. But we would like to say that we have found the teachers the best of companions and good sports and that if we must give advice let it be this—that you search for that same companionship we have found.

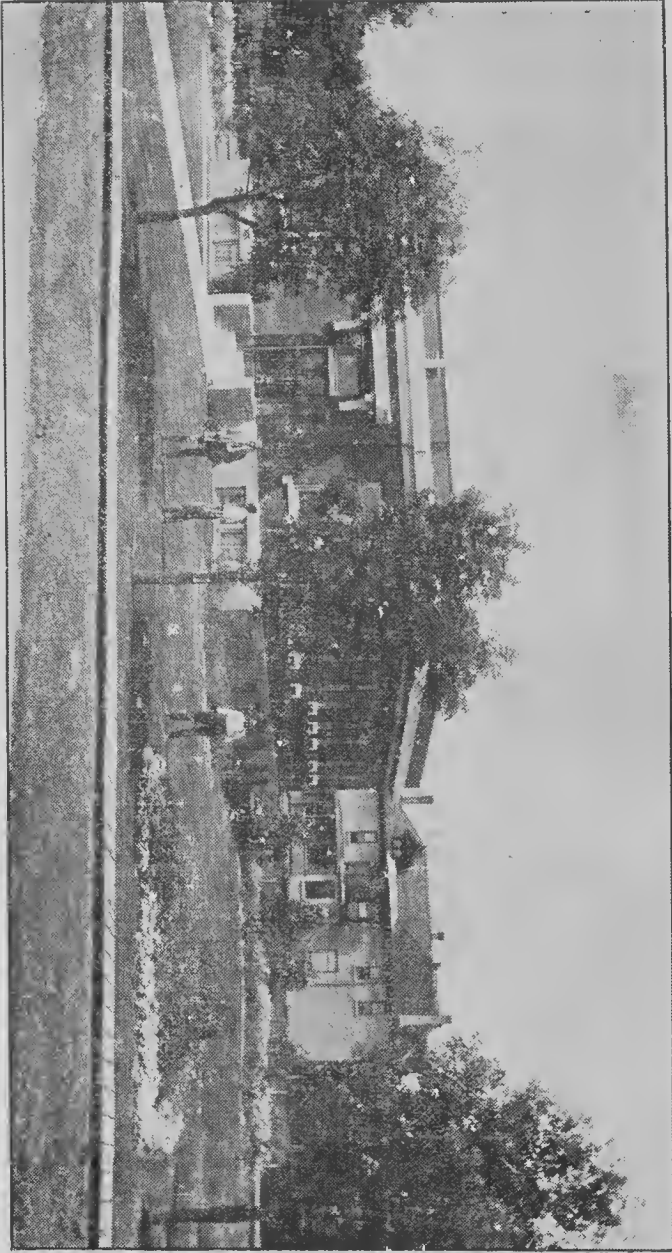
Who can say what regrets we have when we realize that this is "the last." How our emotions are aroused when we realize that never again will the exotic odor of H-2-S strike our nostrils during the double Physics spares, interrupting our concentrative energy. Never again will we hear the delighted chuckles rise from the blackboard when Mr. Trecarton, too, has enjoyed our youthful attempts at hilarity. Never again hear Miss Argue's final benediction "that will be all." Never again join in the delightful rush for rubbers, to the intense pity of Mr. Harris. Never again, indeed, hear Miss Nelson's wistful wish "if only you knew enough history to ask questions."

Nevertheless we leave our parting remark to the go-getters of the other grades, that the school is, next year and the years after that, in their hands and we're sure they'll carry it on nobly.

DOROTHY JOHNSON

Grade XII

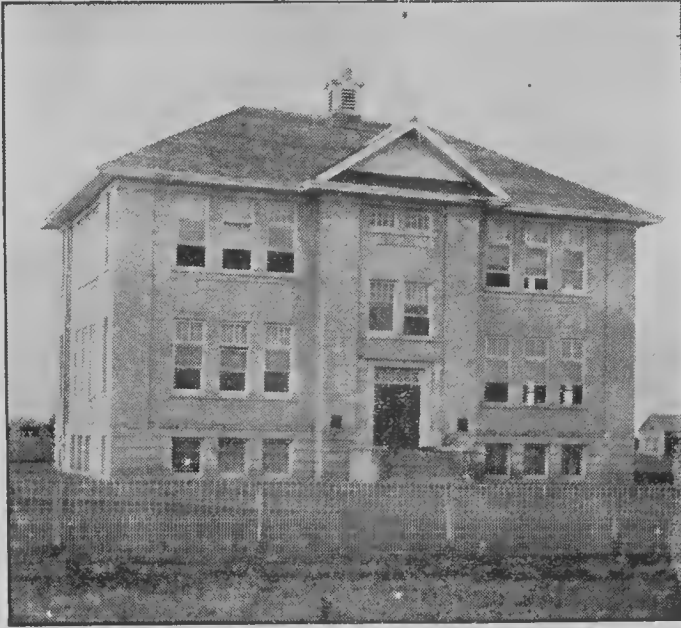
Offices of the Dominion Forestry Branch at Indian Head



---See article on page twenty-two.



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ASST. EDITOR—Dorothy Johnson  
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## The I. H. C. Spirit

Does anyone know, does anyone care  
About our Collegiate and how it fares?  
I'll say we do.

We've got the I.H.C. spirit!

Does anyone copy, does anyone cheat  
When in exams he sees defeat?  
I'll say we don't.

We've got the I.H.C. spirit!

Does anyone scorn when a fellow fails  
And feels that his brain is as dull as nails?  
I'll say we don't.

(We give him encouragement,  
And tell him to work.)

We've got the I.H.C. spirit!

Does anyone laugh, does anyone snicker  
When in speeches one's courage flickers?  
(We know our turn will be very soon now,  
We've got a good mark to make. And how?)

We've got the I.H.C. spirit!

Do footballs go flying thru windows of glass  
When boys are playing out on the grass?  
(Well-er—we 'll let that pass—

They've got Collegiate vim, right to the last).

We've all got the I.H.C. spirit!

IDA M. THOMSON

Grade X.

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## Thirty Years After

"What!" You've broken another of those expensive test-tubes?"

"I have, sir," came sorrowfully from a somewhat shabbily dressed youth of about twenty years.

The scene was a chemistry laboratory in a prominent Canadian University, the time ten to six, and the only persons in sight were Prof. Jackson, the lean-faced teacher of chemistry, and the aforementioned youth, Berry Green or rather "Green-berry," as he was commonly called by his associates.. The "Prof." at first glance appeared a stern and cantankerous individual, but in spite of the scowls and his brusque manner, he seemed to have a soft spot in his heart for "Green-berry," the would-be scientist. Had it not been for him Prof. Jackson would long ago have been reading "Scientific Endeavors of the Hottentots" by R. Williamson, M.D., or "The Psychological and Theological Processes of Woman's Mind," written by his colleague and friend M. M. Faryon, but as it was "Green-berry" and chemistry experimenting were inseparable, so Prof. Jackson very kindly stayed around the "Lab" until Berry should deem his experimenting for that night sufficient. And as had often been the case hitherto, Berry had had an accident.

Berry always experimented with medicines, new explosives or fireworks and such like harmless things. Afterwards he tried them out on stray cats or dogs. If his latest invention in the medical world proved fatal to a cat, he deemed it unworthy of human consumption and promptly destroyed his formula.

But to go back to that sad conversation of Prof. Jackson and Berry.

"You see, sir (Berry always said 'sir' when in distress) I was mixing ether and chloroform with that new acid I made last night, to make an anaesthetic which would deaden pain and yet leave

a patient conscious."

"Yes, but how did you break another test-tube?"

"Well, you see, sir, it was like this—the hypochlorus-aluminium magnesite (that's what I call my new acid) bottle was here and a bottle of nitro-glycerine there. The bottles were just alike, you see, only one was there and one was here—no, I mean, one was here and one was there. And just by the merest accident I added nitro-glycerine (at least I think that's what I must have done) to my mixture of ether and chloroform. There was a slight explosion, sir, and now there are pieces of test-tube all over the 'Lab'."

"You, you added nitro glycerine to chloroform and ether—you had an explosion in the 'Lab'—you come to me saying you broke a test-tube. I bet the Lab's wrecked, corroded and in a state of ——— of ——— of delapidation." (M. M. Faryon had mentioned "delapidation of woman's mind" in his popular book, favored by Prof. Jackson, i.e., "The Psychological and Theological Processes of Woman's Mind"). Having used that powerful word, Prof. Gordon Jackson stopped speechless with horror at the scene his imagination created in the "Lab."

The next moment Berry and the Professor were proceeding labwards, Berry earnestly proclaiming—

"I'm sorry Sal-er-Professor, but I really think I'll be successful with that anaesthetic yet, give me only to-morrow night and then I'll have my fortune made, pay for all my accidents, and I'll appoint you head janitor of my extensive private laboratories."

"Maybe, but I don't think you'll ever do anything but break bottles and test-tubes with dangerous and foolhardy experiments," sighed Prof. Jackson cynically and pessimistically and then—

"Why Berry you deceived me, I under-

stood a complete destruction of the "Lab" and I see—Oh! Oh! You've upset my goldfish, I was keeping in alcohol and he must be drowned," as Prof. Jackson changed his tone from one of reproach to that of bitter sorrow.

Berry observed a goldfish flopping and flipping disconsolately on the floor. "Drunk," he soliloquized.

After restoring the fish to his unique domicile, the Prof. formally presented Berry with the permission to use the "Lab", "just once more", a thing he had done every night for a month.

Just then the telephone rang, so Prof. Jackson sprinted up two flights of stairs across a landing and answered the telephone. He was informed that Mrs. Green would call at six o'clock the following night and could she see Berry, if she did? She could, and so she said she would come.

The Professor informed Berry of the coming visitor and then he said, "Berry, somehow your mother's voice sounded familiar to me, can you think of any reason why it should?"

"I dunno, but were you ever at Indian Head?"

"Indian Head? Of course, I went to Indian Head Collegiate."

"Well, so did mother, she was married there too, but now she's a widow."

"Oh, perhaps I shall remember her when I meet her."

Next night arrived and with it half past five. Prof. Jackson could hear no sound in the "Lab." He was thinking that perhaps Berry might really discover something worthwhile, when he heard a foot-fall. Glancing up, he expected to see Berry, but instead a pleasant faced dark haired lady was entering the room.

"Grace!" jumping up, he upset an ink bottle down the front of his suit and all along his coat sleeve, however that deterred him not at all, in a moment Grace was in his arms.

"Grace Badenoch!"

"Green," she corrected.

"Where have you been since we left

school?"

"Well, first I married Arthur and he died and then I met Green—but where's Berry?"

"We will go and see," conceded the Professor, blissfully ignorant of his somewhat addled aspect.

And so hand in hand they travelled down the stairs to the "Lab" and there they found an inert Berry seemingly unable to move.

"Berry!" screamed his mother.

"Berry!" echoed the Professor.

"Kick me, prick me or something," whispered Berry in a quavering voice. The Prof. did so and Berry's face lit up with joy.

"I've discovered it at last," he said, but I took a two hour dose, I'll be alright in five minutes."

During those five minutes, the happy pair moved out of Berry's sight. As soon as he recovered he shouted, "Dr. R. M. Dewar said he'd get me millions if I got it; we'll be rich forever."

Prof. Jackson and his soon-to-be-bride scarcely heard him though the latter murmured, "I wonder if there's a painless method to get ink off one's neck?"

BETTY GRAY

Grade XII



## Dawn

---

The morning sun shines aglow,  
From behind the hill and low  
The hysteric cry of the loon asounds  
Through the dense mist that bounds,  
And slowly rises with a gentle wind.  
Ducks and grebes of many a kind,  
Quack and splash in distant marsh ;  
The gulls with voice ranging harsh,  
Climb the scale, quaver and fall.  
Terns with swallow tails, fall  
On the wary fish, dive and halt,  
Catching their prey without fault,  
Flap nervously upward and again,  
Fly and hover to repeat the same.

The cricket in the dewy grass,  
Ticks slowly in its morning mass.  
The 'hopper goes singing past on wing,  
And the thrush starts to sing  
Its thrilling song, starting high,  
Coming down, halted by a sigh,  
To lower again, like a wirery song  
Sung in hollow barrel round.  
The hawk with its piercing cry  
Wheels to windward, rising high  
And rejoicing on its rabbit meals ;  
Floats on wing then reels and reels  
Upward to its airy vigil,  
To meditate upon its kill.

The catbird in hawthorne bush,  
Whines between the song of the thrush,  
Alternately as if rightly planned.  
The bohemians with uneven band,  
Gather at rest on a cherry tree,  
Considering where the next move will be,  
The wild canary with twittering notes,  
Sings in its flight, then floats,  
To rise again, with closed wings,  
Uttering its song with a merry ring.  
So every bird with itself concerned,  
Awakens, its hazards to be learned ;  
A bird alone, a friend of none,  
Each this law they keep—and dumb.

The sun is rising, the mist is clearing,  
Man and his works put in a showing.  
The mournful bark of a lonesome dog ;  
And cattle plunging around a bog.  
A thin blue cloud of smoke is seen,  
From the cottage across the green ;  
All starting the perpetual round  
Of another day, and each is bound  
To try again life's joy and sorrow ;  
To prepare for the coming morrow,  
And the promise of a pleasant day,  
Counted by young as years away,  
Where there is eternal light,  
With Dawn supreme—and never night.

EDWARD HART  
Grade X.

# MEATS

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## The Editorial Staff



Front Row : Dorothy Johnson, Dorothy Mackay  
Back Row : Cecelia Blackwood, Gordon Jackson, Austin Dewar, Kathleen Hamilton

## Success

Would you be great scholars or successful merchants—strive and you will succeed. Strive in season, and out of season, early and late, night and morning and success will come. It may be tardy, it may linger, reluctant to approach, but it will come. Do not worry if success does not come all at once. The world grows men as it does forest trees—by minute additions. We never see them grow, but only know that they have grown. Entertain no thought of defeat: Mental anxiety takes away vitality and push and leaves lassitude and languor.

But the self-poised man has confidence in himself to dare and do; he never wobbles or staggers from side to side, but pushes right ahead as in a straight course, keeping his destiny ever in view. Those who believe in themselves, who are

conscious of their own force of character, of brain and of body, touch the wire of infinite power and can accomplish what would be impossible to those who lack the vital energy which waits on self concentration and knows not worry. There is enough of this vital energy wasted in useless harmful worry to run all the affairs of the world. Entertain no thought of defeat, marshal your forces, put them in charge of those two invincible officers "I can" and "I will" and you need not fear, but you will win a glorious victory and plant your standard on the sun kissed heights of success.

LAWRANCE McKENNA

CLIFF. DOUGLAS

Grade XI



# The Literary Society

It is the privilege of every student in the Collegiate to be a member of the Literary Society, which is conducted by an executive, chosen by them, and for the purpose of assisting in mutual advancement along literary lines.

This year the officers were changed in February in order to bring more students in closer touch with the proper procedure of a public meeting.

From the very beginning of the term, enthusiasm ran high, heated arguments took place and eventually amidst shouts and cheers the following were elected by the students for the various offices :

Hon. Presidents—Mr. McAfee. Mr. Millar, Mr. Segsworth.

President—Clifford Douglas.

Vice-Pres.—Bill Wilson.

Sec.—Treas.—Edna Ford.

Room Representatives—E. Robertson, M. Boone, W. Gordon, R. Jones.

Librarians—Ruby Billett, Eva Stevens.

Editor—Dorothy Mackay.

Assistant—Dorothy Johnson.

The second election, in February, was conducted as nearly as possible, the same as official town elections. During the campaign the discussions of the students nominated for the various positions added greatly to the excitement.

President—Austin Dewar.

Vice-Pres.—Bill Wilson.

Sec.-Treas.—Margaret Boone.

Room Representatives—Grace Badenoch, John Dobolshonski, Nina Ashmore, Russell Jones.

## AN APPRECIATION

The Literary Executives, 1928-29, cannot be commended enough for the excellent work they have accomplished this year. Every student, on the executives, gave the best he could to the school and entered whole-heartedly into the activities which have made the school year so successful. A word of thanks and praise should not be omitted to these students, who have taken such a vital interest in our Literary Society.

## SOCIAL

This term is one which will not be easily forgotten by the members of the I. H.C. Due to the fact that we have only one Literary meeting a month we have had some very interesting ones. At these meetings the Literary Executives have gained knowledge in how to plan and manage meetings of this type: the girls have been taught how to arrange for and manage a school party—both of these are assets in community life.

All work and no play, does not "go" very well in our Collegiate so these jolly times were sprinkled here and there by the Literary Society to add zest to what might otherwise have been a dull year.

The old familiar yell,

Ki-a-zippa, Ki-a-zippa, Ki-a-zippa, Zam  
Indian Head Collegiate, beat it if you can,

Purple white, purple white

1, 2, 3.

Knuckle to it, you can do it, I.H.C.!

Ya! Ya! Ya! Bey! Boom! Ba!  
Indian Head Collegiate, Ra! Ra! Ra!  
rang its way through the months spurring every student on, and stirring up our feeling of loyalty and pride in the I.H.C.

## INITIATION OCT. 12

On Friday, Oct. 12, the Grade IX students were initiated into the mysteries of Collegiate life. This marked the first thrilling episode of their young careers

and, we must say, they bore it nobly. A pleasant evening terminated with the National Anthem.

### COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

A public meeting was held in the Union church under the direction of the staff for the purpose of awarding prizes won during the past year by the Collegiate students, including the Gov. General's Medal, the University of Saskatchewan Scholarship and the prizes awarded by the school board for general proficiency in the four forms.

A very enjoyable musical program was rendered by the members of the school and a report of the school activities was given by the principal, Mr. Duncan.

The chief speaker for the evening was Mr. Griffin from the Regina Normal School.

Prizes awarded were as follows :

Gov. General's Medal—Beatrice Hamilton.

University Scholarship—Margaret McCorkindale.

Grade XII—B. Hamilton, M. McCorkindale.

Grade XI—D. Johnson, E. Ford, G. Jackson, M. Williamson.

Grade X—E. Stevens, A. Loveless, M. Dickert, H. McDonald and M. Boone (equal).

Grade IX—E. Spearman, K. Hamilton, N. Ashmore, R. Dillabaugh.

### DANCE—JANUARY 25

On January 25, the Literary meeting took the form of a whist drive and dance. Ex-students and students, alike, pronounced the evening a remarkable success.

### LITERARY MEETING, FEB. 22

By far the most interesting meeting of the year was held on Feb. 22, when the society was favored by the presence of Hon. Dr. Uhrich, Mr. McAfee, Mr. Adair, Mr. Gibson and a number of the parents.

The shields and medals won by the

Collegiate students at Saskatoon were presented by Dr. Uhrich, the boys in turn, honoring Mr. Gibson by the presentation of a pen and pencil, as a token of their appreciation.

Musical numbers by the students, a few remarks by Mr. Gibson and Mr. McAfee, and the presentation by Miss Noble, of the medal which she donated to Eva Stevens as the best orator, brought this interesting program to a close.

Following this dancing was enjoyed until midnight, with the Collegiate Orchestra supplying the music. Luncheon was served by the students.



### A School "Lit."

A Literary Society is generally defined as a body of individuals who band themselves together to meet at regular intervals for mutual improvement, instruction and amusement.

A school organization of this nature may or may not be conducted with these objectives in view; but it should be. The general advantages arising out of such a school organization cannot all be enumerated. However, they may be summed up by these: (1) An opportunity to develop talent in school pupils. It has been noted that those who succeed best in private life begin early, or have an inspiration early in their lives. (2) The knowledge of business procedure which comes with a properly conducted society proves invaluable in the work-a-day world of men and women. (3) Lastly, a large amount of pleasure is derived from the programs of such societies. Students, if willing to go to a little trouble, can entertain themselves splendidly.

A number of points in connection with a well-ordered society might wisely be stressed and are briefly:

General procedure in the matter of business should be carried through with precision and despatch. Nothing destroys the interest or value of a business meeting more quickly than long, drawn out quibbling over unnecessary trifles.

Routine motions should be made quickly to get the business finished.

When a motion is made, if you have an opinion, express it clearly and help the progress of business in the society. It is to your advantage.

In addressing the meeting, introduce your remarks by speaking first to the chairman, as "Mr. (Madam) President or Chairman." This is correct procedure and in accordance with good manners.

Common rules of common courtesy should be remembered, viz., silence when someone is speaking, or a minimum of noise at other times.

Finally, oh student members, how can the school society be improved?

It is a personal matter and you must help—by your interest, by giving any talent you have, by being as helpful as you can during business discussions, by boosting, not knocking, by airing your troubles at the meeting, **not after**, and by feeling a real honest-to-goodness pride in the fact that you belong to your society and are pushing it along to the best of your ability.

R. M. DEWAR  
Grade XII.



### Shows and Their Reminders

"Campus Romeos"—Ray F., Dick P., Garfield P.

"Three Bad Men"—Edwin D., Corley M., Everett S.

"The Short Stop"—Murray D.

"Hot News"—Nora T.

"Able's Irish Rose"—Madelene McKenna,

"Educational News Reel"—Miss N.

"Ten Commandments"—Mr. H.

"Smile, Brother, Smile!"—Allan R. (in French class.

"It must be Love"—Austin D.

"The Legion of the Condemned"—  
Grade IX.

### A Nightmare of Mr. Harris

No! It wasn't one of those weird, spooky dreams. The setting was as unweird as possible; for Mr. Harris dreamed he was in school! But the effect on him was even more.

For Grace Irwin was studiously delving into "A Biography of Great Men," while close behind her came Gordon Jackson, with two copies of every one of the texts of Mr. Harris' subjects. Not only that, but Allan was eulogising on Chaucer with remarkable accuracy, Dorothy Mackay was absorbed in "Pickwick Papers," the special English class had just finished memorizing "Life of Warren Hastings" and were prepared to memorize the rest of their course. Dorothy Johnson was not only far ahead in her Trig. but was thoroughly enjoying it, and Ruby was engrossed in "Sesame and Lilies"—but why go on? Do you blame Mr. Harris for awakening as from a dread shock, leaving him unnerved for a month afterwards?

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## GRADE ELEVEN

NAME	CHIEF OCCUPATION	FAVORITE SAYING	AMBITION	DESTINY
ROBERT BOA.....	Stock judging	"Wasn't it simple?"	to get out of I. H. C.	I. H. C. janitor
MARGARET BOONE.....	Doing homework	"Well! I like that!"	artist	to draw her breath
DOROTHY BROWN .....	Looking sweet	"Oh!"	teacher	June bride
MIRIAM DICKERT.....	Straightening her hair	"Wait for me, kids"	music teacher	playing on a dish pan
JOHN DOBOLSHONSKI.....	Interrupting	"O-o-oi!"	teacher	principal at Dingley
CLIFFORD DOUGLAS .....	Driving a car	"Soup's on"	to be a man	garbage man
EDWIN DONNELLY.....	Trying to be big	"That isn't right"	chartered accountant	book-keeper in candy store
GLADYS FARYON.....	Much ado about nothing	"You dizzy toot!"	dietician	fat woman
MARY GODFREY.....	Drawing pictures	"Ash can"	artist	painting faces
DOROTHY HUBBS .....	Being good	"Dumb Dora"	private secretary	doing her children's homework
AUSTIN DEWAR .....	Blushing	"You're full of bologna"	to learn to propose	bachelor
BILL LINDSAY .....	Bothering girls	"Oh yes, I've got it now"	has none	will not get anywhere
ALICE LOVELESS .....	Giggling	"Oh! that's silly"	to be an old maid	marry young
JAMES MacDONALD .....	Paying---attention	"That costs too much"	to be a banker	carry his wife's purse
HELEN MacDONALD.....	Acting up	"Good Liberty"	to swim Atlantic	drown in a fish bowl
CORLEY MARTIN .....	Raising rabbits	"Whew"	to be premier of Canada	Reeve at Winro
LAWRENCE MCKENNA.....	Playing football	"Oh Bologna"	to be big game hunter	will shoot crows
PEARL NICHOLS .....	Laughing musically	"All in a lifetime"	to be wife of U.S.A. Ambassador	matron at Orange Home
EVA STEVENS.....	Making speeches	"For land's sake!"	to be a teacher	soap box orator
MYRTLE SILVERTHORNE..	Looking wise	"Did you get your geometry?"	to be a poet	writer of limericks
ISABELLA THOMSON .....	Making excuses	"Cherio"	to get homework done	hockey coach in Sahara Desert
BILL WILSON.....	Playing with volts and amperes	"Have you your French done?"	to have French sense	to engineer electric washers

---CONTRIBUTED

## The Collegiate Orchestra



Len Faryon, Bud Lindsay, Roy Dillabaugh, Art Seaby, Allan Holden, Marv. Faryon, Ida Thomson

## The Parting of the Ways

As the graduating class of the Collegiate we stand on the dividing line between the retrospect of four years of common Collegiate associations and interests and a future of more varied nature.

These four years carry with them certain responsibilities. These yield a measure of value from the standpoints of both present satisfaction and future value, directly proportional to the energy put into them. The present satisfaction is in no small part due to the enjoyment of actual accomplishments as well as to the social features of the particular activities. The future value is that responsibilities become as a consequence easier to assume after leaving the Collegiate, whether we enter professional, academic, or any other line of work.

It is said that like greatness some are born with responsibility, some acquire

it and some have it thrust upon them. Whichever way be the case it must exist to guarantee success and happiness.

Looking toward the future, the march of events in Canada leaves us each year with more varied choices of a career and with more complex and specialized lines of activity to face. Changes in transportation, industry, politics, education, etc., have come quickly during the past decade. The qualities we develop in acting on committees, managing or otherwise supporting in any way activities of athletic or social nature, cannot but leave one better prepared to face world realities in the years to come.

"The tissues of life to be we weave with  
colors all our own,  
And in the field of destiny we reap as  
we have sown."

MR. TRECARTON  
Grade XII. Room Teacher

## Chem-is-free

Much to my sorrow, I once fell asleep in a Chemistry period. I was soon dreaming and strange to say, this is what I dreamt.

It seemed to be about half past eight in the evening. I was alone in the Lab., working silently, when suddenly I was startled by a small voice from the chemical cupboard. Soon there were more voices! I listened and overheard plans for an evening of fun. They finally chose a nit-ride in Xenon's new car—so I decided I would follow them and find out what they are going to do.

As many as were able climbed into the car with Nit-Rogen at the wheel. All went well until they came to a R.R. crossing, where they saw a train coming at it's best nit-rate. Io-dide of fright, but the good Nit-Rogen saved them by stepping on the "separate particles, called molecules, which are in a state of rapid motion" and consequently beating the train by several millimetres.

Not long after, Cal-Cium looked back and saw a copper coming on a monocyte. Fearing pursuit, and not liking his irony or ferrous-ity they speeded up. So did the copper—but when he was almost up to them, the car went—"Zinc"—into a mudhole about three feet wide. The back wheels sent a sheet of H-2-O and mud on the copper. Now his tungs-ten times louder and his words would turn blue litmus red, although they were base.

Nit-Rogen was voted a poor driver so Dium took his place. They speeded away into the night and finally managed to pass Winro. Several hours later they reached Qu'Appelle with the indicator of the eudiometer, on the dash, registering full speed ahead.

Around the town they went and back to the road by which they had come, with the copper pursuing them as if they were a magnet and his beard iron filings. A few hours more at this rate, and they were again approaching Winro. "Knock, knock, knock," was heard from

the engine. "Ethyl can't be working properly in the gasoline," said Liquid Air, cool as a cucumber.

The climax came when the car suddenly stopped dead. The nut that held the steering wheel, and several of its companions, kept on going, however, and landed on a pile of soft coal. "Lucky this wasn't hard coal," said T.N.T. The copper arrived at this point, and shouted, "Halt! In the name of the law." He rounded them up and lead them to the local guard house—although Nitro-Glycerine was almost bursting with indignation.

The local J. P. was summoned at once. The first question our friends from the Lab were asked was, "who stole Mr. Tre-carton's Chemistry book?" "We didn't steal it," said Cal-Cium, "I saw it in the waste-paper basket." They rose to go, but their accuser was not through, "I also charge you with speeding through this city. You were going thirteen miles per hr. and the limit is twelve." "You lye," said Al-Uminium, "prove it." "Yes you were," said the copper, "Smith's dog couldn't keep up to you." "Ten dollars and costs; under Boyle's Law," said the J.P.

A frantic search, of their pockets, brought forth some fools gold, German silver, nickel, and brass—the total value of which was thirty-nine cents. As the J.P. wanted no free boarders in town, he gave them one week in jail, suspended sentence, under Charles' Law. They firmly resolved to escape all punishment so hastened back to the car.

On the way they picked some flowers of sulphur and oxide daisies, remarking that they could be used as a peace offering if they were late.

The sun was just rising in the yeast as they reached the car. After a little persuading it agreed to take them home, providing it was given more gasoline: Kero-Sene was elected to go for the gasoline. He was given the thirty-nine cents but hasn't benzine since. "I hope nobody

gypsum," said Ra-Dium.

They waited as long as they could, but when Kero-Sene did not return they decided to tri-nitro-tolual. Accordingly a little was put in the gas tank. One second later the remains of the car and its occupants landed just outside Indian Head. They climbed out of the wreck by downward displacement and headed for the Collegiate.

On their way they talc-ed of their prospects of getting in before the janitor. Salt Petre wondered what time it was but found that Ruby, Pearl, Opal and the other four jewels in his watch, had gone on strike for shorter hours. They were not sure of which was the right way, but "Red" lead them and they soon reached the door.

They could not get in, but Al-Uminium

said, "Dynamite, open the door from the inside." Cal-Cium shouted in the window to Ra-Dium, "Get Red Phos-pher-us. We want in." Much to their disgust Hydrogen-Sulphide opened the door for them instead.

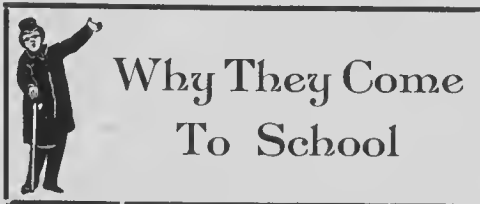
They entered the Lab. and were about to return to their places. "O zone of peace," said one. "Yes, and very quiet," said another. "Let's hope so," said a third.

Just then Mr. Trecarton entered the Lab. "My goodness, what has been going on here," he said, "of all the ——."

Then I woke up. Would you have ever imagined that anyone could dream such as that in a chemistry class?

CORLEY MARTIN,

Grade XI



Nora T.—So she won't have to work at home.

Viola—Because she has ten spares a week.

Peggy—To break the record of regular attendance in Sask.

Chas. C.—To learn enough French to become a missionary in China.

Roy D.—To keep up his seeming popularity among the fair sex.

John B.—To get a good education so he can become a respectable bootlegger.

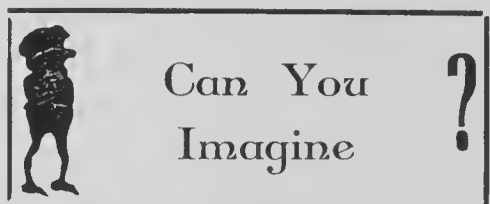
Gerard W.—To flirt with the girl across the aisle.

Ray F.—To reach the height of his ambition, Sultan of Russia.

Allan F. —Because there is no hockey until night.

Irma D.—To put in time until she's old enough to wipe Mme. Galli Curci off the map.

Wille V.—Opposition and may the best man win!



Gordon D.—not having to "sprinkle accents" on his French?

Marv. F.—being sensible?

Murray D.—six feet tall?

Grace I.—understanding all her Trig.?

Ruby B.—not talking.?

Mary W.—with bobbed hair?

Toots R.—not wanting to go home?

Ethel R. —not being in a terrible rush.

Allan R. —not asking, why?

Miss A.—with an impediment in her speech?

Mr. H.—in rompers?

Mr. T. —working out a problem after the second bell?

Miss N.—not smiling?

Len F.—not saying Razzberries?

Christine—not doing her homework?

## The Forestry Farm

Along the winding avenues, bordered on each side by honeysuckle and lilac, ran a little stream of tinkling clear water, while, reflected in it, was the tall, green pine, the honeysuckle and the azure blue of the beautiful spring sky, dotted here and there with white, fleecy clouds. Then from out of the neighboring bushes came a dear little snow-white rabbit, which stopped and then bounded away to the other side of the avenue and disappeared.

Then the scene changes. It is now summer and the fragrance of the trees floats through the warm, summer air. The borders of many colored flowers are guarded over by the tall larkspur which seems to stand as sentinels, in their gorgeous blue of truthfulness, while the thoughtful pansy lifts his face from the border, with respect for his tall neighbors. The fruit trees are laden with their burden of ripening fruit while the winding grape vine seems to worry over the coming frosts of autumn.

Through the waving branches of tamarack and elm which overhang a green grassy lane, shines the transparent blue of the Forestry Dam. On the opposite side of those silver ripples stretch the long avenues of trees. "As the sun goes

down the pillared forest aisles, stretching westward, fill first with a golden haze then glow with a light redder than wine poured from the burning beaker of the sun and only the mournful cooing of the cookoo breaks the solemn silence as the pine whispered its low moan for the dead day, and the cool shadows of night creep purple-mantled down the forest glades."

Then comes autumn and winter—still the beauty remains. The leaves turn their green to many beautiful colors. The cold north wind soon brings snow, but not the bleakness of winter. The snow, drifted in amongst the evergreens, spreads its beauty over the surrounding territory. The rippling blue water is now frozen and the icy crystal is used for sports.

This is the irresistible beauty of the Indian Head Forestry Farm. Thousands visit this spot, every year, and drive along the cool roadways, among nature. As they depart with the golden moon shining through the trees, the prairie wolf gives his mournful howl from somewhere in the distance—then silence reigns supreme at the close of each perfect day.

K. HAMILTON  
Grade X.

Superintendent's  
Residence  
and  
Grounds  
at the  
Forestry  
Farm





## —A Sense of Rumor—

This is but another evidence that the "old order changeth yielding place to new." We can hardly realize that these, whom we are about to mention, constitute the "old order," and that they have left the I.H.C. to go out into the world seeking their future.

Freda and Arlene Brown, Jean Stinson, Ruby Patterson and Madeliene Radcliffe are this year going to Normal, having a position of teacher in mind.

Cora McKenzie, Ruth Guild, and Patty Loveless will make successful nurses we are sure. They are training in Winnipeg, Calgary and Brandon respectively.

Eva Wilson, Gladys Seaby, Lucy Fleming, Jim Killer, Douglas Adair and Beatrice Hamilton are all taking business courses, the former in Regina, but Beatrice in Toronto.

Georgina Holden and Margaret McCorkindale intend going to University next year. At present Georgina is continuing to study music, and Margaret is working in the Electric Light Shop.

Ada Allingham, Grace Clarke, Stella Ford, Elizabeth McCorkindale, Cecil Douglas, John Thompson and Belva Howatt are making successful teachers.

Ivabelle Dixon, after completing her course in Success Business College, Winnipeg, is working in the Royal Bank, Regina.

Jamo Conn and Jonathan Francis are making successful farmers; the former, near Indian Head, the latter at Sedley.

John Bell says he is doing fine since he left the I.H.C. and from all reports it's true.

Mollie Kennedy, John Godfrey, Jim Thompson and Howard Douglas are attending Saskatchewan University.

Margaret Crawford, the winner of

the 1926 Scholarship, is at present a successful steno in the office of the Powell Equipment Co., Winnipeg.

Beth Crawford, winner of the Gov.-Gen. medal in 1926, graduates in June from Toronto General Hospital.

Walter Brown, "the budding hardware clerk," is at present employed by the Taylor Hardware Store.

Dick Taylor and Edwin Bobier are working in the Royal Bank here.

Bruce McKenzie in T. Eaton's, Ernest Rogers, in General Motors, and Jim Gardner taking a course in aviation, are in Regina.

And so we return, once more, to our own familiar school with just this little reminder that it's our turn next.

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Indian Head

# The Athletic Organization

The Athletic Organization is conducted by an executive appointed by the students.

President—Arthur Seaby.

Vice-Pres.—Violet Rogers.

Sec.-Treas.—Marvin Faryon

Representatives—Jean Boone, Isabella Thompson, Eleanor Radcliffe Kathline Hamilton, Bill Lindsay.

Athletics, which occupy such an important part in a student's life, are eagerly planned for by all. This year the organized method which has been used so successfully has been met with co-operation by the students as a whole. By this method every student is enabled to partake in every sport.

The great attraction of the year was Field Day, when students, good, bad or indifferent, regarding athletic ability, contested for the honors in the school in track sports.

Margaret Boone won the Senior Girls' championship and Cecelia Blackwood the Junior.

Amongst the boys competition was keen, but nevertheless Allan Ross became the Senior champion and Allan Fleming the Junior.



## Girls' Sports

### BASKETBALL

During the spring and fall basketball is the most enthusiastically played of all the girls' games. Although we were slightly dismayed by the fact that many of our seniors had left—this was soon remedied. Both junior and senior teams were chosen and played very credibly all the season.

### VOLLEY BALL AND SOFTBALL

Although not quite as popular as basketball, volleyball and softball are

avored by a good many of the junior students and the courts are continually in use.

## HOCKEY

Shortly after Christmas a girls' hockey team was organized with Isabella Thompson as captain. The girls arranged a number of practises and on Feb. 26 the Wolseley team played them—the score 6-0 in favour of our team. On March 2, a return game was arranged and again Indian Head won with a score 6-2.

D. MACKAY



## Boys' Sports

It is difficult to say what sport is the most popular amongst the boys as there are some who play one game and others another, but at any rate it lies between baseball, hockey, football and basketball. Rugby has not been played enough to gain popularity as it is a game which certainly has to be understood before a great amount of pleasure can be derived from it.

Then, too, the time spent on athletics by the boys is not sufficient to perfect a team in any game which would hold the player's interest. To do this there must be a certain amount of hard work attached to it. You might say that some of them would not be willing to work very hard for the sake of bringing on a team, which is quite true, but it is better to have no team at all than a half-hearted one and there is a lot more to it than just getting on the team and playing. There would come a time when you would say "yes, it was hard work and we had to train a lot, but we had a good time just the same and I don't think there would have been half as much to it if we hadn't."

Of course the opportunity is not given to a great many who would like to go in



## The Literary Executive

Back Row, left to right : Willa Gordon, Russel Jones, John Dobolshonski, Ethel Robertson, Dorothy Mackay, Nina Ashmore, Billy Wilson, Grace Badenoch, Ruby Billett,  
Front Row : Dorothy Johnson, Edna Ford, Clifford Douglas, Austin Dewar, Margaret Boone, Eva Stevens

for athletic lines, but I think that there should be more enthusiasm shown towards sports by the boys than there is and has been in the past. Perhaps it is because there is lack of interest elsewhere you will say but, it seems that if the boys

really wanted it that they would have taken advantage of organizations built up for this purpose and see that they are kept going.

ALLAN ROSS  
Grade XII



## A Day in the Lab

### EXERCISE 13 :

**Aim:**—To write a "short and sweet" experiment.

**Apparatus:**—Two pens, fitted with rubber tubes and self-fillers, paper.

**Materials:**—Two hours hard work; two brilliant brains (diluted).

**Chemicals:**—Ink, lots of brass.

### Method:—

A. Take MURRAY : put into a DEWAR flask, which has been thoroughly cleaned with night-tric acid. Add  $H_2SO_4$ ; heat with a blow-pipe, and note any gas evolved.

B. Drop a few NICHOLS into a hard test tube-, being careful not to give the test tube a BADENOCH. Using a dropper drop (danger) a few drops of Potassium-DOUBLESCHONSKI solution. Test with red lip-mus (fumes).

C. Take the collegiate STAFF pulver-

ize to a powder and burn. Add  $MgSO_4 \cdot 7H_2O$  mix with 100 C.C of  $H_2O$  in a florence flask (fumes see B. (Seaby). Then separate by electrolysis. Filter the remaining solution.

### Observations and Conclusions :—

A. 1 A strong gas was freely evolved.  
2. STARR shaped crystals were precipitated.

M.D. plus P.S.—no homework.

B. No reaction on lip-mus.

C. Latin and French collected at the anode, History and Biology at the cathode. Maths came thru in a crystal clear solution, English was precipitated in the filtrate.

W.H. plus K.T. plus N plus D.A.—catalystic agent.

"With apologies to the Collegiate"

CONVICTS : NO. 000019

NO. 000020

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## Why They Go To School.....

Austin—How should he know? But it's sure great to be president, when a certain damsel he knows is so appreciative.

Ruby—Ruby says it's to get her Grade Eleven, but Allan doesn't take that seriously.

Grace I.—To add spice to Mr. Harris' days.

Pearl—Oh! Everybody else is doing it.

Russel—He always did like Anlta Loos' books.

Leo—To become serious—if possible?

Alice L.—She likes the flavor they use on the exam folios.

Miss A.—There's only one thing worse to do but she hasn't tried that yet.

Marvin—That's where all good boys go.

Gordon J.—He doesn't agree—but it may be his taste for Latin Authors.

Kathleen D.—Oh, well, Dorothea goes.

Leonard F.—Good looks must be appreciated somewhere.

Eleanor R.—Basketball and hockey are both pastimes.



## Teachers Are Those Who.....

—Ask questions, "wise men cannot answer."

—Criticize the text profusely and then refer back to it at every moment of need.

—Ask you to prepare a lesson for next lecture and then don't take it up for a week after.

—Spend a whole week, and give us five hours homework on a certain subject and then inform us that it is not

important and quite possibly won't be on the exam.

—Have every night dated up and yet want to know the next day why we're so dumb.

—Think their subjects are the only important ones we are taking and that correspondingly, theirs is the only homework we have to do.



Roy, being pursued by a policeman, took refuge in a grocer's shop and begged the grocer to hide him. The groceryman, remembering the times he played Hallowe'en tricks, hid him in a sack leaning up against the counter. The policeman rushed in and asked the whereabouts of his man. The reply was that no man had entered there.

"Why, what's in this sack?" asked the officer?

"Oh, that's broken glass," was the reply.

The officer sharply kicked the sack. There was a sharp thud and a faint voice heard to murmur, "tinkle, tinkle."

## HENNING'S TEA ROOMS

---

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Light Lunches that Delight

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—Near the Theatre—

Grand Ave. Indian Head

## Trigonometric Love

The sine of love,  
The cos of love,  
Cannot be shown by theta,  
But sighs of love,  
And cries of love  
Are heard when you don't meet her.

The tan of love,  
The cot of love,  
Are opposite extraction  
But smiles of maids,  
In hearts of lads  
Have often caused distraction.

The sec of love,  
And cosec love,  
Oppose the sine and cosine.  
But proof of love,  
And cure of love  
Are found in the espousing.

R. M. DEWAR



## Examinations

When the last day's lessons are ended,  
And the classes all are done,  
E'er our homeward way we've wended,  
The examinations must come.  
We'll sit in our cheery class rooms  
And gaze, with a puzzled frown,  
On the questions put before us,  
Wondering what we shall put down.  
Then will test of our labour be given  
And whether or not we've worked,  
'Twill to those having knowledge be Hea-  
ven,  
But terror to those who have shirked;  
The passing or failure, oh masters,  
Are not the real fruit of the test,  
But whether or not in our studies,  
We've honestly done our best.

R. M. DEWAR  
Grade XII

## Comments

A nation is judged not only by its government and industries, but by its recreation habits, for, in expressing nationality, we are expressing personality. Since the greatest building agent is education, we are giving then, to education, two roles—the development of the mental and of the physical. Games are organized and the spirit of fair play and sportsmanship which grows out of this, teaches the principle upon which greatness depends—efficiency and co-operation.

Collegiate students hold the key to future greatness within the nation. Physical energy applied in organized games, coupled with mental development along the varied lines of the curriculum, a polish of music and fine arts, and the spontaneous buoyancy of youth, produces a balance which augurs well for the coming years of self expression in vocation.

MISS NELSON  
(Room teacher, Grade IX)

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The 1928-29 Staff and Students

## The Athletic Executive



Eleanor Radcliffe, Violet Rogers, Audrey Robertson, Gladys Faryon, Jean Boone, Isabella Thomson, Kath. Hamilton  
Arthur Seaby, Bud Lindsay, Marvin Faryon

### A Souvenir

And please translate that, "reminder," not "remembrance." We hereby put in a few lines to remind Grade XI that there is a goal, a special one, to make at the end of the year. Interested in Maths? Alright, now's your chance. That scholarship of Mr. Godfrey's to the student winning highest honors in Grade XI Maths. comes due at the end of this year and it includes tuition fees for four years, so do your best Grade XI.

And this is a souvenir for the whole school—can you write a short original story? Mrs. F. W. Hart has given a prize of \$5 to the student who can—so do your best, budding authors.

We are very grateful to Mr. Godfrey and Mrs. Hart and on behalf of the students we forward a very hearty vote of thanks.

### A True Story

Pearl was copying down the names of candidates when, "I move nominations cease," was heard.

(Poor Girl) "Cec. who?" she said.



### Irish

Oh yes, we are despite the belief that the Scottish heritage is most prominent. Why, who but an Irishman can say this, "sure and if they were all singing like me there wouldn't be anyone left," and we do solemnly assure you that we heard it. Loveable characteristic! We wager that it takes the edge off marking papers. Doesn't it Miss Argue?



## Indian Head The Beautiful

The most renowned town in the fair province of Saskatchewan is "Indian Head the beautiful." It is situated on the broad, open prairies of Southern Saskatchewan, being surrounded by fine agricultural lands and beautiful homes.

Adjoining our town on the east is the Dominion Experimental Farm. It is visited annually by thousands of tourists from all parts of Canada and the United States, all of whom admire the beauty of its flower gardens, orchards and grain plots.

Then, to the southwest is situated the Dominion Forestry Farm, which is known as one of the most beautiful spots in the province of Saskatchewan. Few tourists fail to visit this farm and in so doing admire the forests, which skirt the stonecapped driveways, also the flower gardens, shrubbery, orchards, hedges and groves of evergreens.

But the town of Indian Head itself is beautiful. Our Town and Memorial parks are outstanding in beauty. The former, which is situated in the central part of the town, with its splendid evergreens and shrubbery, among which are placed many seats, provides a most pleasant place for pleasure seekers. The Memorial Park, which is situated in front of the Canadian Pacific Railway depot would do credit to any town. This was made to do honor to the brave men and boys of our town, who so willingly left home and friends to serve their king and country. In the center of the grounds there has been a monument er-

ected, which is most suitably designed and upon which is a bronze tablet bearing the names of Indian Head's soldiers who never returned. The lawns and shrubbery of this park present a fine appearance to the passing traveller.

Indian Head has many beautiful residences, large lawns, and flower gardens, and it is so splendidly planted with trees that the town at a distance, appears to be nestled in a miniature forest. The town is well provided with cement sidewalks and boulevards, also many very important public buildings; a few of these are, the Forestry office, the Hospital, the Orange Home, Churches, and Schools, also the Town and Fire Halls, these, with their extensive grounds all tend to add to the beauty of our fair town. The business section of Indian Head is chiefly situated on Grand Ave., while on Railway Street are located the seven grain elevators and flour mill.

Indian Head has provided herself with a water system, which is second to none in the province, her supply being derived from the Squirrel Hill Springs about nine miles southwest of town. By this she is also provided with a first class fire protection.

Those who lived here thirty-five years ago will undoubtedly notice the marked difference in development which has taken place up to the present day. The aim of every citizen is to ever keep Indian Head "The Beautiful."

JEAN HAMILTON

Grade X

## The Senior Basketball Team



Ethel Robertson, Grace Badenoch, Edna Ford, Nora Taylor, Violet Rogers, Jean Boone, Isabelle Thomson  
Margaret Boone, Grace Irwin

## One of the Lovely Garden Scenes at the Forestry Farm



# The Pipes of Pan

No, we don't confess to owning reed instruments, but we do aver that music there is—and abundant. Therefore, why shouldn't we name our column after that maker of musical instruments, Pan? Did I say we had an abundance of music? Well, it's true! We include everything from Clifford's blithe whistling, to the master works of our orchestra. Always we have had some musical talent and less often a musical body. This year, however, we have an even greater amount of musical talent, and an orchestra which is all that is to be desired at our "lits." We note the existence of two choruses last autumn—the junior and senior students, which tho' of short duration, rounded out quite agreeably the program of our graduation exercises. To those students who so willingly aid our musical programs thruout the year, we tender a vote of thanks. Not thanks, yet a sincere appreciation we give those who have so faithfully served on our orchestra. Not only have they made the "lits" possible, but they have given also that concert effect to our other social endeavours without which much, both in the way of "atmosphere" and music, would be lost.

Music is so essential a thing in our school life that we cannot really realize our need of it till we have lost it. Grade Twelve hunted despairingly for a good definition of music which would embrace all those emotions that arise when good music is played or when a dischord occurs. This is the best that we found:

## I AM MUSIC!

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me the spirits immortal speak the message that makes the world laugh, and weep, and wonder and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story

that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of the lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak thro' the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of water on the rockribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am the father of the best that is in them and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

I am Music.

From which we realize that music is an intangible something definite only when dealt with in the abstract. Aside from its value in the days to come music serves a very decided purpose in the school regime. That deadly monotony, or, at the least, that lack of interest which may arise with the coincidence of too much homework and too little social life in our school life is only effectively quelled (particularly in winter time) with the addition of music—even if it's only a little jazz coaxed out of the ever-sociable piano.

## Our Orchestra:

Ida Thompson, pianist.

Bud Lindsay, banjo.

Allan Holden, saxophone.

Roy Dillabaugh, saxophone.

Marvyn Faryon, trombone.

Art Seaby, cornet.

Len Faryon, clarinet.

Under the able leadership of Marvyn

Faryon.

And having reached thus far I am tempted to recall that after this comes next year, and many years, all, I hope, to be filled with music. There is a good standard before us and a high one, but

we cannot but admit that it could be still higher and better. Will you do your best, fellow students, particularly those of you who are younger?

D. JOHNSON,  
Grade XII.

---

## Indian Head's Public School



—Where most of us got our start!

# COLLEGIATE CAPERS

"Why, Leonard," said his mother, "what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

Len: "I'm just looking to see, ma, whether I'm being properly brought up."

Cliff: "I never saw such dreamy eyes."

Ethel: "You never stayed so late."

Rumor says that Kay Davidson's favorite song is: "There's a Rainbow 'round my shoulder."

Billy B.: "I wonder if Prof. Treccartor meant anything by it?"

Margaret M.: "By what?"

B. B.: "He advertised a lecture on 'Fools' and when I bought a ticket it was marked 'admit one.'"

Murray: "Aren't you going to marry Ruby after all?"

Allan: "No, unfortunately she has an impediment in her speech."

M.: "How sad! What is it?"

A.: "She can't say 'yes.'"

"Laffing iz the sensashun ov pheeling good all over and showing it principally in one spot."—Josh Billings.

The cabinet of Yugoslavia has forbidden high school girls in that country to rouge their lips. Which ought to improve the rouge business in that country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Jazz was born in Egypt thousands of years ago, says an actress. Doubtless. It was one of the plagues.—Fargo Tribune.

Miss N. (asked to give a speech at Lit): "Ladies and gentlemen, not until this minute has a word been said to me about making a speech and you expect me to get up there and make a fool of myself without a bit of preparation."

Murray: "Could I have a date tonight?"

Pat: "Sure, if you can find anyone dumb enough to go with you."

Murray: "Alright, I'll be around about eight o'clock."

Angry Papa: "Grace, did you throw a kiss to that young man?"

Grace I.: "I did, papa."

A. P.: "Well, how dare—"

G. I.: "Oh, the fellow threw it at me and I just threw it back. You wouldn't have me keep it, would you?"

Nora: "Do you think Pearl is fitted for the battle of life?"

Idea: "Well, she ought to be; she's been in four engagements already."

Gordon J.: "Girls always contradict each other."

Dot. J.: "They do not."

A cheery quotation from Grade X exams, "Fools can ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

Mr. Harris: "How do you explain 'the shades of night were falling fast.'"

Dorothy H.: "The people were pulling down their blinds."

Many a boy falls so hard for a girl that he injures his head permanently.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Harold: "When the postman comes I'm going to wallop you within an inch of your life."

Leo: "Why wait for the postman?"

Harold: "I'm taking a boxing course by correspondence."

Mr. T. (sternly): "Are you laughing at me?"

Alice F.: "O no, sir!"

Mr. T.: "Then what else is there in the room to laugh at."

Dorothy Mc.: "What do you think of our annual, old dear?"

Mary B.: "Fine, who were the binders?"

Miss A.: "Give me the French for 'Paddle your own canoe.'"

Allan R.: "Pas d'elle yon que nous."

M. F.: "No teacher ever made a fool out of me."

G. J.: "Who was it, then?"

Miss N. (Grade X grammar): "Take this sentence 'Let the cow be taken out of the garden.' What mood?"

Madeline McK.: "The cow."

What is an optimist?

A teacher who believes you remember all your grade XI formulae after six months in Grade XII.

Hamish : "Do you think a boy should propose to a girl on his knees?"

Mary G. : If he doesn't she should get off at once."

Lucy F. : "Do you know that for every two people born in the world one is a chinaman?"

Allan F. : "Were'n't we lucky, there's only two in our family."

#### So Realistic

Miss A. : "Sprinkle a few accents over that sentence, Gordon."

Prof. Harris : "What did you learn about the salivary glands?"

Allan F. : I couldn't find out a thing, sir, they're so darn secretive."

The average girl seems to keep almost everything in her vanity case except a broom and a duster.—*Calgary Herald*.

Austin (over phone) : "And please mail my ring right back to me."

Jean : "You'd better come and get it, glass breaks so easily in the mail."

Mr. Harris (very crossly to Grade XII) : "Do you people forget as many books in your other subjects as you do in mine?"

Marvyn (brightly) : "Oh no! We don't have to take our other books home."

Bobby (waking up near midnight) : "Mother tell me a fairy story."

Mrs. H. : "Wait until your father comes home, then we'll both hear one."

Mr. T. "These aren't my own figures I'm quoting; they are those of a man who knows what he's talking about."

Laugh and the class laughs with you.  
Study and you study alone.

Mary W. : "My father weighed only four pounds when he was born."

Ruby : "Goodness ! Did he live?"

Miss N : "What part of history is the hardest?"

Toots : "The Stone Age of course."

Cecilia : "Russell, you know you don't really love Hazel. It's only puppy love."

Russell : "Hot dog !"

#### As the Teachers say it :

Don't be impudent.

What ails you ?

Ascertain the facts.

Please hurry.

Kindly repeat your statement.

Your meaning is ambiguous.

#### As the Students say it :

Don't get fresh.

How'd you get that way ?

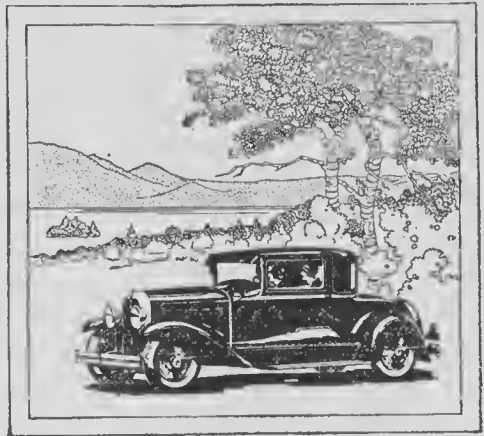
Get wise to it.

Let speed.

Come again.

I don't get yuh !

Grace B. : "Oh, yes ! I was at a bridge party last night."



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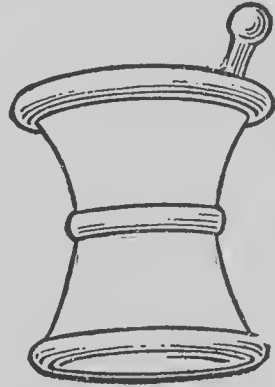
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